Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 60

Misunderstandings

1

(Thought…)

‘Being a simple-minded classed as unwanted, sounds better than being fake and gay; sucking butt holes off at a rainbow party like all of them, and even you- being a sycophant to impress, I was never one of those girls, and I think you get what I mean- this is why- we call them all fags, yet this is why- I was called one too, and why yet to this day some don't understand, yet sympathy is something, I should have- not for me for them.’

~*~

(Judgements)

Jaylynn- ‘Law is summed up as to me- sucking each other off. Those that call themselves- part of the system. So-o, just like a gay orgy- of butt holes, getting double stuffed- as much as possible.’

‘Law equals one big rainbow party, seeing the big dick in the room is getting pleased, the police officers to keep him in office, the court with both hands on his junk, and you being the bitch, handcuffed, and getting your butt hole played with… as you walk in the cracker slammer.’

‘And the hard dick flying high in the courtroom, that is going soft, and

need consent simulation is the judge- so all the shades of the rainbow- on his c*ck, and everyone under him is the gay fag's sucking him off… with the shades of lipstick rubbing of their big gaping mouths, to find out who the winner of sucking the hardest for him truly is, and he asks over and over to keep it coming… and as the defendant, you are standing there thinking this is queer and retarded- and what they're doing is far worse than what you were abused of.'

'There are so many f*ck- me- pleases, said in the courtroom you think your waiting porn, they charged her with

profanity, the hypocrites use more in a half-hour then I have in entire my life!’

Hashtag- (must sex and drafty)

~*~

Nevaeh- ‘I am just a gum-chewing county bunken,’ Why- I’m acting so silent, noiseless, inaudible, still, and quiet.

Lingering in her- Melissa, who was always really Naddalin, who had the child Marcella, and she left behind a family on Earth- they passed yet the family line had no choice but to head for the oceans- to keep the race going, and that girl we know as Savannah became a humanoid type of mermaid, then Breanna

was a girl that I assigned myself too, to remember just how good I had it in life, it's best not to complain.

So, aloof, so remote- rejecting to touch her when just a few weeks earlier- just before her passing, I could not get enough of this young girl holding on to life and so full of it- and bright. Breanna had become the child I never had, almost- my adopted youngster. And it keeps my mind off Melissa- and her world. In a way, I have become a Godmother.

Marcella erroneously assuming it’s because of her hurtful behavior- she is flirting with Emmah- just as I wanted- I

had to pull out of it- and do the right thing, her cruelty toward me- when the truth is, it has nothing to do with that. She was under Naddalin's spell, not mine, the entire school was. It wasn't my fault- the way things have turned out.

What she doesn't know is that while the remedy returned her to life, the moment I added my blood to the mix it also ensured we could never- ever be together- it would be like incest- yet that is what makes it appealing over the fact she is now something I cannot have.

Never! Ever! For all of eternity!!!

2

My mother loved me so much as a young girl she intently tried to overdose me on Ritalin.

Yet, that night I was lingering inside her… ‘Ever?’ She undertones, in her voice, that is too deep and sincere. Nevertheless, I cannot look at her. Cannot touch her; along with certainly can’t utter the words she deserves to hear- I messed up- I’m so sorry- knowing that she tricked me, as much as I did her.

And I was desperate and dumb enough to fall for her trick, as she was mine- Besides now there’s no hope for us because, if you kiss me- it’s over, if we

exchange our thoughts- you'll die, inside of me, at some point.

I can't do it- anymore. I'm the worst kind of coward. I'm pathetic and weak. And there's just no way I can find it within me- to keep going on.

'Ever, please, what is it- fiction?' she asks, alarmed by my tears. 'You have been like theirs for days. Is it me? Is it something I have done?

I would never- ever- ever deliberately hurt you. Since you know I don't remember much of what happened, and the memories that are starting to surface, well, you must know by now that

wasn’t the real me- I don’t even know the real me at this point.

‘I’d never harm you, Melisa, in any way.’ I said to her in her thought of mind.

I hug myself tightly- as if I and she feel the hug on her side of things, squeezing my shoulders and bowing my head- she is too. Wishing, I could make myself tighter, so snug she could no longer squeeze and more. Knowing her words are true, that she’s incapable of hurting me, only I could do something so hurtful, so rash, so ridiculously impulsive. Only, I could be stupid enough to fall for

Naddalin, all over again, yet so novel yet so the same.

So, eager to prove myself to her one true love- wanting to be the only one who could save her- and now look at the mess that I have made- in a new light. … So wrong- so right.

Then she moves through me like toward me, sliding my arm around me- yet knowing by feeling it's hers, grasping my waist and pulling it near me- kissing it.

Nonetheless, I can’t risk the closeness, my tears are deadly now-

locked as hers, and must be kept far from her skin, looking through.

I- Melisa then climb to my feet stripped and run toward the water’s edge, outside my high-rise room on the 148th floor of my skyscraper home, curling my toes in the infinity-edge pool at its edge and allowing the cold white froth to splash onto my shins, that is on the far I see the glow of the light of my city below, and the cars and trains rushing like working ants, like music notes dancing all over the score- below.

-And-

Wishing I could dive under its incalculability and be carried by the tide. Anything to avoid saying the words- anything to avoid telling my one true love, my eternal partner, my soul mate for the last years- I have not met, that while she may have given me time without end- I have brought us our end, know that we're worlds apart.

-Then-

I stay like that, silent and still and hushed. Waiting for the sun to ascend until I finally turn to face her, back in my mind- like a drug- that needs increased hits in the direction of satisfying.

Taking in her dark shadowy outline- the ripples of the water, nearly-indistinguishable from the night- star-light above, and speaking past the sting in my throat when I mumble… I feel her, I even see her emulated back in my stare.

‘Naddalin… baby- girl… Marcella, there’s something- that, I need to tell you.’

3

I kneel beside her bed in worship- something I have not done in years, hands on my knees, toes buried in the rug, like they were just moments before in black the sand of the pool- light by modern flam

torches, wishing she'd look at me- as the god she was praying to, wishing she would say something- about me the way she loved this man that she never met. Yet, I can still do this… I thought I can still love this man- she calls God.

Even if it's only to tell me what I already know- that I made a grave and stupid mistake- one that will perhaps never be erased.

I would gladly accept it, I deserve it. What I can't stand is her absolute silence and daydreaming gaze.

Besides, I'm just about to say anything, something, to break the

intolerable motionlessness tranquilities’, when she looks into me, with eyes so weary they’re the perfect byword of her years.

‘Melisa.’

She sighs, shaking her head. ‘I didn’t identify her- restlessness- and sleeplessness, I had no idea- that she loves me ‘till the thoughts,’ Her voice trails off along with her stare- into the room- losing light, by her heavy eyes closing.

‘There’s no way you could’ve known,’ I say, eager to- I LOVE YOU TOO,

erase any guilt she might feel, knowing that she was dosing off.

‘Both were under the spell from the very first day.’

‘Believe me, she had it all planned, made sure any memories were completely erased, within a dream- and in the dreams, the memories stayed and were all too real, always there, yet dappled piebald with feelings.’

Her eyes that are my eyes linked together- by mind and doors of feeling- the fabric of times- and presumptive, the searching of body and mind her facial expression not mine but hers on my face,

studying me closely- as I do her before she stands and turns looking into the plashed back marble walls, in nothing more than panties, and then those too were slipped off, by my hand that was her hand, both as one- gazing out at the water’s edge, hands tight on arms in a hug, it was love.

(Thoughts)

She turns, eyes growing darker as her features strengthen, inhaling deeply as she says, ‘This is all my fault… this- worlds apart feeling we have yet still love.’

I shake my head back and forth. ‘Did she go after you or harm you in any way?’ ‘She didn’t have to; it was enough to hurt me through you- to get to me.’

I gawk at the world before me that she lives in cold modern yet cozy, sincere, and heartfelt, venturing how she could have faith in that after the case I just made.

-And-

Rising her to her feet and standing inside her- I cry through her eyes, ‘Don’t be nonsensical!

‘…Of course, it is not your fault!’

Then she thought moments after- ‘Or mine… if it was bad luck, or maybe even fate.’

‘Did you listen to anything I said?’ I shake my head.

‘Melisa, you are standing in this world you’re going to be poisoned, by the air, even if there is now an elixir for black lung. You had nothing to do with it, you were just doing your rightful orders- it was beyond your control!’

We should not have to live in a world where we need a fresh air mask, after killing our first world, you would think, or to be hopeful in the fact that…

we would think a little, yet we are going to do it all over again over not caring, in just having it all be disposable- and throw-a-way.

Nonetheless, I have scarcely finished when she is already discharging it with a wave of her hand. ‘Ever, don’t you see? This is not about me being Naddalin on the inside of this girl, that was once, or you, its karma.

‘The revenge for centuries of selfish living; the why…’

‘Trust… for you.’

She then shakes her head and giggles, though it’s not the kind that asks you to join in, afterward.

‘The is vengeance for centuries of selfish living.’

She then shakes her head and giggles, though it’s not the kind that asks you to join in- with her, over the fact it was to hide the pain that she felt, worlds away- and not wanting to be.

It’s the other kind- the kind that chills you to the bone.

‘After all those years of loving you and losing you, repeatedly, I was sure that was my punishment for the way I’d

been living, having no idea Haven died at your hands in the concluding of ways, yet in your comfort. I thought I would be next.

But now I see the truth I've missed all along, she is smarter than all of us and oh so wise.

Just when I was sure I'd evaded karma by making you immortal and keeping you forever by my side, karma gets the last laugh, allowing us an eternity together, but only to look, never to touch each other again.'

I reach for her hand with the other, wanting to hold her, comfort her,

convince her that it’s not at all true, or maybe that was it all along I was not sure. But I pull away just as quickly, lost in thoughts of why.

Remembering how our inability to touch is the very thing that got us both here.

‘That’s not true,’ I say, gaze fixed at looking down her body. ‘Why would you be punished when I’m the one who made the blunder? Don’t you see?’

4

I- Melisa shakes my head, irritated by her singular way of thinking.

‘Nevaeh planned it all along. She love’s Haven- I bet you didn’t know that, huh? She was one of the orphans you saved, and she loved her for all of those demanding times when she was like you, would’ve done anything for her, and she would for you, and then you go and kill her.’

‘That was her wishes, for not feeling like a true woman!’

But Haven didn’t care about her- as she should, she only loved her- and her only, loved me- and then, well, after they killed her too, Emmah decided to go after

me- only she did it through you- or so I thought at first.

Wanting me to feel the pain of never being able to touch you again- as she did for not seeing for years, blaming me, just like she, like I feel with Haven.

-And-

It all happened so fast, I just- thought too much about everything.' I stop, knowing it's useless, a total waste of words.

She halted for a moment, listening just after she started the conversation, the feeling is if always at fault of knowing this, she knew- I knew-

what I did not get was the hex causing all this over many- many years.

Even now I choose not to visit these thoughts in my mind, the same place and I will not let her either, I refuse- nothing good will come from it.

‘Melisa, please!’

Detestable thoughts… Metaphorically demonizing us both, thoracically free, to dwell in the subconscious, yet to want to live life as unconscious.

‘I will not let you give up I refuse to.’

Then just moments after, ‘No, you can’t just give up.’

The isn’t karma- it’s me. I must believe that- is so-o! I made many mistakes, horrible, horrible mistakes also.

‘Have not…’ She said back.

Nonetheless, that doesn’t mean we can’t fix everything!

‘See that was something that I could never do is- FIX THINGS TO OTHER’S LIKING.’ She spoke.

There must be a way away.’ Clinging to the falsest of hopes, forcing

enthusiasm, I do not feel- THAT ANY LONGER.

Melisa once Naddalin stands within me and I in her, a dark silhouette that is me yet really her, in the night, the warmth of her sad tired gaze through my eyes the same serving as our only embrace.

‘I never- ever should have started,’ she says.

‘Never should have made the miss I did over others- should have let things take their expected path, even if the path was reshuffled by them.’

5

‘Seriously, ever, just look at the result- it’s brought nothing but pain! And the more I try the more pain that I receive and get.’

She without delay shakes her head, her gaze so sad, so apologetic, my heart caves.

‘There’s still time for you though, for me- and us.’

You have your whole afterlife ahead of you-an eternity where you can be anything you want to be, do anything you want to do. Said Melisa as the body of the girl she was in and the mind of Naddalin.

I can say I moved a small green caterpillar today and saved her from death. Melisa said little lives matter too.

‘But what about me- you need to save me just as much,’ she then shrugs. ‘I’m polluted. I think we can all see the result of my hundred years.’

‘Nope!’ My voice quivers as my lips tremble so seriously it spreads to my cheeks. And she can feel it in hers, too.

‘You don’t get to walk away; you don’t get to leave me once more! If I say I will, and I do.

I spent the last month going through hell to save you. And really when you have saved me from me.

Besides, now that you're well I'm not about to give up. Said Nevaeh, you're a hero to me, and in my life, I have not had much time for them yet you're mine. Lost in another body, lost in another world, you're still the one I want to linger within, even though all the misunderstandings.

We are meant for each other, you said it yourself! 'Your famous words everything is meant to be if meant to be.' She cried.

We’re just suffering a brief setback, that’s all. Nonetheless, if we can just put our heads together, I know we’ll think of a way to… be back together, face to face.’

I stop, voice fading, seeing her already moved on, retreating to her bleak sorry world where- she’s solely at fault for it all.

Besides, I know it’s time to tell the rest of the story, the sorry, regretful parts- I’d prefer to leave out.

(I already did, said Nevaeh, your story is just more chapters of my book of life. Sh-h, it’s okay, that you feel like you

have murdered, and slaughtered, and have taken babies for their mothers. It's all part of post-traumatic stress disorder, of being a star- girl.)

'My story is in your books?'

'Yes!'

Maybe then she'll see it without a dealt, maybe then…

'So-o, before you assume karma's out to get you or whatever, you need to know something else, something, I'm not accurately proud of, but still…'

‘There’s more,’ I say, swish ahead though I’ve no idea how to phrase what comes next.

6

I without delay take a deep breath… remember that in this body I can, something I have not done in years.

-And-

Also, I tell her about my trips to Earth and my homeland and the town around- to me was the world, that magical dimension between the dimensions, where I learned how to go back in time and that given the choice between my

family and her- I chose her- over them- yet that is getting hard for me to do.

Swayed and influenced, I could one way or another restore the future, I was sure it had been stolen, and up till now all it amounted to be a lesson, I already knew- that occasionally destiny lies just outside of our reach, and it is not graspable.

Melisa- I swallow hard and stare at the black sand, reluctant to see Nevaeh's reaction when she considers the eyes reflecting- of the one who betrayed her.

But then again, as an alternative of getting mad or upset like I thought, her environs me with the most beautiful glowing white light-a light so comforting, so forgiving, so pure- it’s like the portal to my home -only better it’s a connection of body, mind, and soul.

So-o, I close my eyes and surround her with light too, and when I open them again, we’re wrapped in the most beautiful warm hazy glow.

‘You had no choice,’ she says, in a gentle voice with a very soothing, gaze, doing everything she can to ease all my shame.

‘Unquestionably, you chose your family…’

It was the right thing to do… after all-right?

I would’ve done the same- if given the choice… yet, do I HAVE THE RIGHT TO CHOOSE.

7

I nod a little, shining her light even brighter and tackling on a telepathic embrace; knowing it’s not as uplifting as the real thing but for now, it will do.

‘I know about your family, I know all, I saw it all…’ Naveah said to me. Then

she looks at me with eyes so dark and intense, within me they turn black, I force myself to go on.

‘I don’t know if life was meant to be like this without death and moving into other bodies to linger there is no longer- confidence in existing- over the fact that is all we know do lock in life we may not want to live.’

‘There is the family tree- I am looking at of us all in front of me now, and there are the lingering branches of what we have become, and the family line is no hard to follow.’

‘I cannot pay for my grandfather’s sins, thinking I am the apple that falls from the tree.’ Said, Nevaeh.

Lost in my deepening thoughts, I look back on it now, that all the kids, I was in class with my groping- they wanted to make abhorrence and hate on me- and their like kind, for being with they were, classed as also, yet I never well be that immature- or have something to class- as they did; with needs that they want to cover.

Undeveloped- is not me, it's them and after all these years, they have not

changed. Besides, they are still looking wrong to the rest of the mainstream population, and really, I am with the majority, and can't see why they're misunderstood, as of this year in my life I can.

Also… it’s sick to cut others off at the knees, and pick, and make fun of them- yet were all classed as someone with I.Q less of them 50.

And you’re going to mere me, as less than? Now look at me I am a literary genius, and what do you have, nothing but bitterness, to say why- I am nothing but fake and gay, or is that you really

can't read? That was Karly’s saying and it is now mine too. Gay over what you want to perceive, face over you believe what is made up, lost in an Illusion of delusion.

Melisa- ‘Then she thought over top mine, these are the junk thoughts you had all your- life that has kept you from your happiness.’

‘No, I would like to say, I feel that they were all using me.’ Squalled Nevaeh.

‘I know about your family, I know all, I saw it all, and your school life too.’ She looks so dark and intense within mine; I force myself to go on.

‘You’re always so secretive about your past, where you came from, how you lived- and so one day, while I was in Hastings; I asked about you-and-well-your entire life story was revealed, and your legendary now in your hometown even has a statue and everything they ever said it has completely turned around in your favor.’

I press my lips together and peer at her standing before me so silent and still.

Moaning as I look through my gaze into my eyes and telepathically traces her fingers along the curve of my

cheek- creating an image so deliberate, so tangible, it almost seems real.

‘I’m sorry,’ say nit-picking, thumb mentally smoothing my chin.

‘I’m sorry,’ ‘I was so shut down and disinclined to share that, I reduced you to that. But then again, even though it happened a long time ago, it’s still something I for one would rather not to confer.’

I nod, having no intention of pushing it anymore. She is seeing her maternities in her mind, murder followed by years of abuse at the hands of the church- most beloved, is not a subject I

intend to pursue- over the fact that those that hid behind faith to me are worthless! Held, Melisa.

8

‘Nevertheless, there’s more,’ I say, hoping I can restore a little hope by sharing something else, and that I learned, that is one thing I can do is educate others with my own experiences.

‘When I was watching your life unfold, in the end, they tried to have you killed, and even got away with killing a girl, and your adopted mother.

‘…Ture.’ Nevaeh said back.

‘Then even though, that seemed meant to be, I still managed to save you- and myself, her- and even them too.’

‘I have always been the angel.’

Then even though that seemed meant to be, I still managed to save others, and then I feel to recollect that Emmah saved me, so I need to remember, memory seems to be getting hard for me to do.

I look at her, sensing she’s far from swaying and rushing ahead before I lose her completely.

‘I mean, yes, maybe our fate is sometimes fixed and unvarying, but there

are other times when it’s shaped morally by the actions we take.’

So, when I couldn’t save my family by going back in time, it’s only because that was destiny that couldn’t be changed. There is one thing in life that is final and that is a time of death given by the highest God of them all, and even I can change that nor want to.

‘It’s beautiful… that you can change destiny, by being an angle of hope, or by the death- always for the moral- and good, in both.’

The funny thing is I was going to die anyways in my case having ALS, with

anyone else in my town that would have been something to feel for, yet with me, it was passed by like a cold fall rain shower. Said Melisa, along with saying- we are two of a kind.

Or as Riley, my pain in the butt little sisters- said she had too, after my untimely passing, yet my best little friend too, that was all meant to be- or do I question this God of ours, then just a second before the second accident of falling and crawling, and being too week to get up I knew what I had too, just like her, that took my everything including my voices and mobility and life, again… she never did say she love me either, and I

never did with her, that is the one thing I regret- that is all the natural life is lost days of feeling nothing more than self-pity and regret.

‘Love not to be-is for me- it was my destiny!’ Said, Riley. As it was mine too. I am sure she will be seeing us in the coming days, as her natural life nears an end.

Nevaeh- ‘Really this is not the book of life it’s the book of death, of longing for life, said is not?’

‘Yes, yes, it is…’ She whispered back. ‘You can’t change the past, it just is

more of the past remand it- kills the future.’

‘Nonetheless, when I found myself right back here in Hastings, and I was able to save you, well, I think it shows that the future isn’t always concrete, not everything is ruled solely by fate. And that is why I give you eternal life, to make up for what you lost.’

‘Maybe so-o.’ She sighs, gazes fixed on me, and my fate.’

‘But then again you can’t escape karma, ever…?

…?…

...It is what it is…?

...It doesn't judge, it's neither good nor immoral like most people ponder.'

Just like love- 'Love is always patient and kind; it is never jealous; love is never boastful or conceited; it is never rude or selfish; it does not take offense and is not resentful. Love takes no pleasure in other people's sins but delights in the truth; it is always ready to excuse, to trust, to hope, and to endure whatever comes.'

Nevaeh- I heard them call me a baby rapper to my face, and there was

nothing I could but stand there, hearing these lies day in and day out; like all the other lies, as well- that was just that nothing but lies.

Yet, the Commonwealth had their back, not mine, so I would say that is why it sounds good on paper too.

9

Emmah always said- ‘It’s the result of all actions, positive and negative- a constant balancing of events-cause and effect- tit for tat-reaping and showing- what goes around comes around.’

Then I asked why, why so much me- why am I the chosen one.

‘Look at Karly’s destiny- and what she did over not having a or education and did not want to work for $2.00 an hour, a hamburger joint. So, all she had to do is make on the shit video of her, this is just one out of a hundred- I recall this one for $20.00 - ‘teen masturbates & f*cks her dildo’- saying the headline- (‘22-mins of me enjoying myself deliciously. Watch me c*m over and over with my toys. Adore my long legs, my small t*ts, and my bush while- I let myself go crazy thinking about you.’)

It had 3,555 views- and she made $71,100 just with that… was it wrong some would say, yet what other choice did

she have? Yet that makes her the bad girl- she is a girl after all-that showed that she was one- and had needs- and need the money more than modesty in a world that could give a flying shit about her- in any way.'

With one video, she has made $6,000,000 in her short life, be the end days of it and money still has not made a destiny for her either. Said, Naddalin in the thought of mind haunting in the body of Melisa.

She shrugs her shoulders… saying- 'we're all just misunderstood girl's ant' -we!'

‘However, you phrase it, it’s the same in the end- is it not?’

~*~

Then… we are the bad ones out over- it’s our destiny.

‘And as much as you’d like to think otherwise, that’s exactly what’s happening here with you sometimes you must ask if… God’s at are just screwing us.’ Emmah used to say that too.

‘I have been there too…’

‘All actions cause a reaction, I pounder even now- still having faith, even if some days I faulted like a human that

was deemed- less then human….’ Said Emmah, back many years ago now, yet I understand completely.

‘By them…’ she said.

‘By them…’ Naddalin said.

We may never- ever know…

10

I remember to Hope my adopted mothers’ faith, being that of old Baptist and some would say I was next to razed as Amish thinking, I was shunned by her from day one, over being an English-er for the start, or day one, full of sin,

everything about me or I did, even if other girls were- I was the sinful one.

Everything was a sin, and my biggest sing of all lusting after my own body's needs, like for peruse, she could not understand this need. The second was the love of a girl. The third the love of a man before mirage, and a sinful baby- girl out of wedlock, and that is why she passed to young hexed my- own adopted grandmother. I was sinful, yet for her, it was all money, no ask that question of sin. She is nothing but a liar, in her faith and her life.

As a child I did not understand, yet now looking back on faith, I get everything she believed- misguided as it was- I understand the misunderstands of it all now. The fourth was questioning everything too much… and thinking, and not just being dumb, as asked of me- sin- sin- sin- and shame. That why I walked around feeling like a dirty girl, with no need to.

(Appraise)

It happened, Andromeda– and Milky Way collision, now making a new galaxy, with all the plants mixed, as I predicted, even Earth has a new

beginning. 14 planets in all and large moons, and skies like we have never seen before, a new home for a that is life- Andromeda- Way.

She shakes her head… your mind amazes me.

(You think that it is good to hear this one out.)

‘These are where I have my actions have brought me.’

It was said that the oak tree that was next to my old home held the witch body of my adopted grandmother- that was not so when I dug up the body of a child, and if the tree was intact, it would

keep her evil at bay, Hope always told me playing on that tree is why- is why- I turn out the way I did.

Like I was the hex- and the next. Her mom and dad my grandparents were part of the Amish community- in the depth of Pennsylvania, the girl my real mother said by my grandmother was claimed as evil over fortunetelling- witchcraft, it was said, therefore she was killed by the hand of whom I thought was my mom and placed in agave next to my home. Nothing was as it seems… The tree, that was her evil was wicked up in the branches of the angle oak, that was next to my home and room, and my mother was always next to

me- and I was the blame. Everything about the tree, the home, and the land was hexed- like me, that's why she took me back.

Thought by the Amish, I never knew… I asked why me… and then I thought about it, my mother was the child that was killed and placed there, my real mother was only a child when she had me, and that too was evil thought by them, my real mother was Sarah! The child that was killed at the hands of my grandmother. And the whole thing about her death was a cover-up, she was 12 years old, and hidden from the world, and I was passed down in a dirty adoption.

I was the child of the child… so was my dad?

And my thought was yes, I look like him… and then the reminisce of my dad to the woman that gave birth to me, it was Sarah, looking back in my thought of mind. And she loved me more than life… that is why she was killed by them too.

‘Then again you need to ride 20 dicks before you find the right one if ever you do.’ Karly always said that now I got it, that it was my young mom and dad.

So-o…

‘Ture- true… that you do… both- girls felt unanimous- saying we have been

hurt, so badly, that way we turned to girls, for love, girls well love always when boys are- macho asshole, that- are just impressing their jackoff boyfriends!'

'Ture- true… that you do… both- girls felt unanimous- saying we have been hurt, so badly, that way we turned to girls, for love, girls well love always when boys are- macho asshole, that is just impressing their butt-head boyfriends!'

'All the time, I told myself I turned you out of love- but now I see it was really out of self-interest- because I couldn't be without you. Also, your past has nothing to do with it.'

‘You like this?’

She asks softly, her finger rubbing my outer lower ear, and she starts to flex her finger slowly, in, out, in, out... of me, her fingers still circling the fleshy lips that move about with her thumb, that connecting line linking as she pulled it away of wetness.

I close my eyes, trying to keep my breathing under control- over the fact she feels it and she has not had breath for years and her chest is moving to mind, trying to absorb the disordered, muddled sensations that her fingers are releasing

on me, fire coursing through my body. I moan again.

‘You're so wet, so quickly.’

‘Open your mouth,’ she commands and thrusts her thumb in my mouth. My eyes fly open, blinking wildly.

‘Let me make c*m for you!’

‘Sin…?’ He- he.

‘Yes, sin for me!’

‘M-mm- you are my Oreo cookie, that I just have to spate and like out the creamy center.’

Her thumb presses on my tongue, and my mouth closes around her, sucking

wildly on the synthetic beach outside my room way up high.

I'm panting once more as I tug on her with my mouth, and it trails down and under my chin, I can taste the smooth, rich leather or her- if only in my mind.

‘See how you taste,’ she breathes, and I hear it in my ear. ‘Suck down and taste with your fingers, the baby she said.’

I taste the saltiness on his thumb and the faint metallic tang of blood. Two things that have not been a part of me in years; Melisa- she’s alive… and the taste of her is like my own private high-grade

Heroin, that needs increased tests to cover the need.

‘That’s why this is happening now.’

‘So, that’s it?’

I shake my head, hardly believing she’s decided to give up so easily.

‘That’s how it ends? Every time… with more thoughts of overthinking everything, instead of being in the moment.’

‘So, that’s it?’

I shake my head, hardly believing she’s decided to give up so easily in figuring out the truth.

‘That’s how it ends? …Really?’

11

You’re just so dang sure you’ve been chased down by karma you don’t even try to fight back?

‘What’s the use…?’ She said to Nevaeh.

You came all the way just, so we could be together, at last… and now that we’re facing difficulty, you’re not even

going to try to stride with me down this path- hand in hand?’

As you can see my hand is in your hand now… even if they're both your hands.

By the way, did you send your high school diploma back to them after you wiped your butt... on it?

‘Yes, yes I did.’

And they pressed charges, and then I asked do they had a case. Looking over this long document they called a fragment next to a run-on, they can’t read or understand themselves, at less than 50

words a minute, teachers, and children alike.

‘Middle fingers! I like it!’

‘So, why stop now- with us.’

‘Ever- and ever- never, letting go of ever- and forever- never.’

12

Then I transport myself there- risk and all, using a port-key spell, and I fly light-years into other worlds, my wings ripping in the time and wind, of the stars around me, I must be next to her.

Her gaze is warm, loving, all-encircling like her hair and tightly

squeezing arms, as they are falling around her as they fall together to the gold wheatgrass within the black sand outside her room- that I learned to love just as much, but it does nothing to stop the defeat in her voice- when she sees me and what I have done to myself to get there, next to worn out and becoming ash- all over my body skin flacking like paper, yet I want the love and touch of each other hands and bodies- face to face.

‘I’m sorry, but there are some things I just know.’

‘DO YOU LOVE ME!’

‘Yeah, well…’ I shake my head and gaze down at the ground they we are laying on top of the tall grasses swaying in the breeze in the orange glow of the dystopian cityscape, burying my toes deep in the sand.

‘Just because you’ve got a few centuries on me doesn’t mean you get the last word- in what is love too, by yes I love you more than life itself.’

‘Because, if we’re truly in this together, if our lives, like our fate, is truly entwined, then you’ll realize this isn’t just happening to you, I’m part of it too- and

that is destiny. And you don't need the care to see that… do you?'

'And you don't get to walk away from it- you don't get to walk away from me! We've got to work together- and stay together!'

'…No backing out.'

'There has to be away, to be into places at one time.' Funny you should say that I am… right now.

'How do you figure…?'

My old body is not the ruler of my world… after I grave robed my old body and resurrected it before Earth was no

more… like I could let Earth when that one too. Just like the Bible was the only thing brought back, all those years ago… these worlds have me and my word. One mind two bodies, one mind lingering in many bodies and minds linked all together like a network of wireless communication.

I always knew that the old me would become devout.

I stop, my body shaking, my throat closes so tight, I can no longer speak. All I can do is stand there before her, silently urging her to join me in a fight I’m not sure we can win.

‘I’ve no plans to leave you- now or ever,’ she says, gaze filled with the longing of two hundred years or more. ‘I can’t leave you, ever. Never- ever- never- ever- believe me, I’ve tried. But in the end, I always find my way back to your side- wherever you go even hell. You’re all I’ve ever wanted- all I’ve ever loved- but Ever- may be hard to keep when you are now eternal, and I am not.’

‘You will be again in time…’

‘No buts.’ I shake my head, wishing I could hold her, touch her, press my body tightly against her.

‘There’s got to be away, I can do the same- as you did. And together we’ll find it. You already know- if you love me then take your own life- I just know that we will- last and last.’

‘‘I can do that,’ you do it,’ and grabs her and holds her under the rippling blue water of the swimming pool until the color fades from her eyes, ‘till death she said.’

Now I am just an angel of death and love has nothing to do with it.

We’ve come too far to let Naddalin keep us apart and take over everything we have done.

But I can’t do it alone Chiaz, you are and always will be my true love and she looks over her shoulders to see- first a dark shadow, then this name walking up behind her. (Well Done!) He said, grabbing her, and kissing her lips, and she was a week in his arms like a child.

Yet even if you are now matrimonially wed to Alissa Amsel is a blonde hair, blue-eyed girl, that took him as her plaything 300 or so years back, some things never change.

This girl was not- Nevaeh- it was you know who… locked lost inside part of

her old dead brain of her body that was brought back to life.

Lily and AVA are at a lower level, where things have not changed either, or I am fighting that one. The best thing is Lily resurrected AVA, after everything she did to her. I still ask why.

And the real Nevaeh is… well now brain dead as she has always been thanks to being and my family.

‘We're back…’ Ava lingering inside the body of Nevaeh said.

She said in an uncanny- ‘The best part is the dumb girl did this herself

looking for love that she should never have, thanks to us.'

'Ah, temptations were always her weakness- on the lord to another now.' And in our minds, we now think the same- over the fact we are the same.' She spoke.

'Not without your help, she said Lily my love thank-you for being a good little sycophant to me.'

'So please promise me- promise you'll try- to take her out, so I can be lord of all, she has ever loved or accomplished.'

~*~

Chiaz- She looks at me, her gaze luring me in, and I think she is just the same old Nevaeh- she always was.

Now closing her eyes as she fills the beach with so many red roses pedal the entire water is covered and now blood red, the symbol of our undying love covering every square inch of the body under it. As the blood was given for evil lives to feed on.

‘Look all, a newly fallen angel made, that has had her head ripped off- and her body ripped to paces- now that is a story to tell the others- is it not? Like- in her world of boo-hoo tears.’ She mocked.

‘Strange now she is immortal just like you!’ Lily thought, without really meaning to think, know the punishment that would come from having a thought.

Then she slips her arm through mine and leads me back in the girl’s room when just killed, saying and yes that may be so-o, our skin separated only by her supple black leather jacket and my organic cotton tee, that is now the only covering on me, of not being a free-fallen angle.

(A week has passed)

Enough to spare the consequences of any accidental DNA

exchange- never did I think this would happen, but unable to temper the tingle and heart that pulsates between us, there in my mind again.

‘Never should’ve made the preparation- should’ve let things take their natural course. I should have known that I would do this she thought. Seriously, ever, just look at the result- it’s brought nothing but pain!’

The real Nevaeh was nothing more than a crumbling wreck. Without delay now at that time she shakes her head, and the tangible Nevaeh gaze so sad, so remorseful, my heart caves, life

and her and now she is going to thank me, as I knew- I would do to her.

‘There’s still time for you though,’ said Jaylynn in a comforting way.

‘You’ve got your whole life ahead of you- endlessness where you can be whatsoever you want to be, do anything you want to do. I’ll well take this over for you and you become me, and I linger in you, it’s time you have had some rest, mom.’

‘Okay.’ She said back reluctantly. As the change was made… in an electrical fashion.

But then again me- taking over your Pious spot is my dream;' she shrugs at me like a young girl that she is. '…And odd that is the dream I have for you.'

'I'm contaminated; I think we can all see the consequence of my hundred years next to your three, and I owe you for everything I was to you being the spoiled brat, teenager- that only wanted daddy.'

Strong glowing light in fog and hazy eerie, with a rhythmically driven power of heavy steel wheels, shakes the floorboards under my feet. The train pulls in, and the brakes scream, and there is

steam all around the cars, and then off she steps the immortal, back as the fallen angel Naddalin. And I- Nevaeh was more than incredibly happy to fall into her long arms, as she was with me.

‘One hundred years and this train still look the same, as it did back when it was restored.’

‘Oh hum,’ she sighed.

‘Why me- right?’

She shrugs at me like the young girl that she is. ‘I’m filthy, I think we can all see the consequence of my hundred years.’

‘What do you think about my new life now over, now ending, and my chapters of life, worth adding to your story?’ she asked.

Nevaeh in the body of Jaylynn- ‘I think you did well, the long hug ends, with those words, and her tapping her on the nose.’

‘I can see what you have done, now to escape them.’ Said Naddalin.’

‘Yes, and you need to keep that all hush and sh-h too.’ Said Nevaeh.

‘No!’ My voice quivers as my lips shake so-o badly it spreads to my cheeks.

‘Yes, therefore, your back and I am hiding, yet the joke is really on them, isn’t it? I got you back, and Jaylynn is out for blood, remember why- I do.’

‘Yes, and yes, and oh yes,’ she said once more in an even tighter hug, like long lost lovers.

13

‘You don’t get to walk away; you don’t get to leave me again!’

‘I spent the last month going through hell to save you, and now that you are well, I’m not about to give up.’

‘We are meant for each other, you said it yourself to me many times!’

‘We are just feeling a temporary setback, that’s all.’

‘Nonetheless, if we can just put our heads together, I know we’ll think of a way to… you and me.’

I stop, voice fading, ‘you see- seeing them thinking this, she- Jaylynn- like- previously moved on- like for me, withdrawing to her bleak sorry world where she thought she was solely to blame, thinking like me- speculate, or they think; I would think- right- war all

over again, yet I am not fighting it this time if I do not have too.'

Yet, she interrupts me in the middle of my sentence, saying- 'yet it is not you this time, is it?'

Then- I know it is time to tell the rest of the story, the sorry, regretful parts- I would prefer to leave out, I am sacrificing my child this time.

Maybe then she'll see it differently- if she is in your shoes, maybe then- and there… 'There's more,' I say, whistle ahead though I've no idea how to phrase what comes following.

Besides, tell her about my trips back home there is that magical dimension, left out of my life for a while, and the space between the dimensions where I learned how to go back in time- and that given the choice between my family and her- I chose her, I choose to be her. The same mistakes I made before; I may have made again.

Influenced I could somehow restore the future, I was sure it had been pilfered, and yet all it amounted to be a lesson I already knew: Occasionally destiny lies just outside of our range for girls like you and me.

I swallow hard and stare at her- and the room that we were in seemed to blur, reluctant to see Naddalin's reaction when she looks into the eyes of the one who betrayed her. As I did with everyone I have ever loved.

So-o I close my eyes and surround her with light too, and when I open them again, we are wrapped in the most gorgeous warm hazy glow.

Nonetheless, as an alternative to getting livid or upset… as I thought, she vicinities me with the loveliest glowing white light- a light so heartening, so magnanimous, so pure- it's like the portal

to another world- only better- and we go there together.

‘You had no choice,’ she says, voice gentle, gaze soothing, doing everything she could to ease all my shame.

‘Unquestionably, you chose your family. It was the right thing to do, yet they said no as always to you- so-o. I would’ve done the same-given the choice- not to have a choice, and that also sounds a lot like you too…’

I nod, shining her light even brighter and tacking on a telepathic embrace, with Jaylynn as I did with you-

she in my head, all the time, yet locked out when she thinks there is a need to be, so they are as confused as can be.

Knowing as I do, it's not as soothing as the real thing of me being next to her, but for now, it will have to do- 'yet that is the afterlife- No?'

'I know about your family, I know everything about you and them too, I saw it all- I have lingered in your mind to understand the full story,' she looks at me with eyes so dark and intense, I force myself to endure- seeing all the memories also.

Flashbacks I call them…

‘You’re always so secretive about your past, where you came from, how you lived- and so one day, while I back on Earth, I found out your story and where you’re really from… I did… I asked about you- and-well- your entire life story was revealed to me just by reading between the lines.’

I press my lips together and peer at her standing before me so silent and still.

Radiant as she gazes into my eyes and telepathically traces her fingers along the curve of my cheek-creating an image

so deliberate, so palpable, it almost seems real.

14

‘I’m sorry,’ she says, thumb mentally smoothing my chin.

‘I’m remorseful, and I was so shut down and unwilling to share, that I condensed you to that. However even though it happened a long time ago, it’s still something I prefer not to discuss any further.’

‘She was that way, I am my way, in time we made up for it all, and I still have to pay for it all and why I will never really know.’

I nod at her, having no intention of pushing it anymore- seeing the blank blah look on her face as if parts of the story were missing in something that was far too long.

‘She is witnessing her parents’ her suicide, and then her children followed by years of abuse at the hands of the church, and the schools- lingered in both its the same, theme- I intend to pursue, over her pain that she had on the inside cover it all.

‘Even so, there is more,’ I say, hoping I can reestablish a little hope by sharing something else, that I am erudite.

‘When I was watching your life unfold, in the end, they had us all killed. Nevertheless, even though that seemed fated to happen, I still managed to save you, as you did me, and you did with them, so really it’s all working out.’

I gaze at her, sensing she is far from convinced and rushing ahead before, I lose her entirely.

‘I mean, indeed, maybe our wisdom of destiny is occasionally fixed and unalterable, but there are other times when it’s shaped morally by the actions we take.

So-o when I could not save my family by going back in time, it is only for the reason that- destiny could not be changed.

Or as Jaylynn said seconds before the accident that took them again- in my mind, ‘You cannot change the past, it just is what it is, even if.

In the hissing power- there were coming thunderstorms in the gray sky, flying around in the sky, overhead in the evil, made were lightning dragons sent to remind the world that the dark lord was back and very much alive- and after Nevaeh, mind body and soul. The

mythology that is only part of our world creatures were running in a scurry.

Even the topless mermaids, with back luminous tails- of this word, were hiding behind shimmering black rocks- in their lagoons and rock arch grottos, covered in human craniums dripping with blood- teeth showing- eye holes blacker than night, long out in the waters were taking cover in their homes, over the fears made, by the wrath of AVA, and clan, schools, types of dear, unicorns, colorful singing birds, even snacks were in hiding, dog-like- with big abundant tails, cat-like, elephant-like too, large game, large fuzzy bears, and small alike…

Even the swans around the lily ponds- that are over the clear waters, were swinging away- to the sight of the storm to come. All with wings… and large fangs, yet most when trust is made friendly to those that show love, to them.

The half-sunk haunted wood ships in the background like far too eerie, surely holding gold that would never be obtained, in a heavy fog. Due to dementors. Now and then you can hear the girl of the one ship moaning Chassidy Seals.

No one has ever ventured to steep on her ship and survived on to talk

about it- in our world. Yet you can hear her sing under the water, to the others that are part of that world, like the mermaids, that seem to- like- understand her, and protect her as if she was one of their many deities.

Even the young kids of this world, that was out in the horse drawing and charges with the windows steamed over they were making love, stopped their rocking- them to run, uniform skirts up and uniform dark grayish-black chinos down. The only lights were the light flam flickers of the streetlamps.

Then more thoughts, overtaking the qualms in her mind, whirring out the world around. ‘I mean, yes, maybe our providence of destiny is sometimes fixed and unalterable, but there are other times- like- when it’s shaped purely by the actions we take or have made in the past that were our choices- to make fate happen.

15

So-o when I could not save my family by going back in time, it is only since destiny that could not be changed for it was my thoughts that made it all happen.

It does not judge, it is neither good nor bad like most individuals, are-

‘So, that’s it?’

I- Naddalin shakes my head, hardly believing she is determined to give up so easily; now I understand that she has Jaylynn charmed into taking this one, for her, as she needs to relax.

‘That is how it ends, you playing their game? You are just so dang sure you have been chased down by karma you do not even try to fight back, like you?

You came all the way just, so we all could be together and now that we’re facing an obstacle- everyone is breaking

apart, you’re not even going to try to scale the brick wall in our path- this time, you’re giving it to your little girl?’

‘Karma- right or meant to be?’ asked Naddalin.

‘Ever.’ Her gaze is warm, loving, all-encompassing, but it does nothing to cancel the defeat in her voice. Yet that was always Nevaeh, ‘I’m sorry, but there are some things I just know.’

‘Yeah, well…’ I shake my head and gaze down at the ground- over the rains was so pounding the face and body, burying my toes deep in the sand- water running around my toes.

‘Just because you have a few centuries on me does not mean you get she and they will have the last word; my child is younger and much smarter than they ever will are, she smart, they go by thoughtless impulses.’

Since if we are truly in the together, if our lives, like our fate, are truly entwined, then you will realize there is not just happening to you, I am part of it too, and so are all of them that have helped you become what you hate the most, a fake hero.

‘Yeah, well…’ I shake my head and gaze down at the ground, burying my

toes deep in the sand even more, as I always did when I was being shy.

And you do not get to walk away from it- you do not get to walk away from me, or them either, even if you are no longer fighting the war!

And you think it is all over just because I gave myself to my child, it not you know it stalling.

‘We’ve got to work together!’

‘There has to be a way- to end this once and for all-.’

I then stop, body shaking, throat closed so tight I can no longer speak. All I

can do is stand there before her, silently urging her to join me in a fight, I'm not sure we can win if we both love each other and my child- that we both believe in.

'…We can win.'

'I've no plans to leave you,' she says, gaze filled with the yearning of hundred years.

'I can't leave you, ever. Believe me, I've tried. But in the end, I always find my way back to your side. You're all I've ever wanted-all I've ever loved-but Ever-'

'No buts…'

I shake my head, wishing I could hold her, touch her, press my body tightly against her, in the pouring rain… and we did.

‘There’s got to be away, the cure for the pain we have. And together we’ll find it. I just know that we will.’

‘We’ve come too far to let them keep us apart. Nonetheless, I can’t do it alone.’

‘Not without your help. So please promise me- that you’ll try.’

She looks at me, her gaze luring me in… we kiss. Our skin separated only by her supple uniform and my organic

cotton, at this point see-through blouse, that was lost fitting, that is fluttering in the wind open in the wind, like my long hair blowing in the breezes.

~*~

Walking to the water's edge, even in the storms, closing her eyes as she fills the beach with so many lilies the entire cove is bursting with pink waxy petals atop green curving stems- the ultimate symbol of our undying love covering every square inch of sand into the greed blue water- so romantic, she said a spell to hole time, (Time-la-reverse-o) and we made up for a lost time, having just a

moment to be in love. And then a moment of rewind happens- for all but them, and they had their twilight swim.

Then she slips her arm through mine and leads me back to the castle, and time was no longer standing still around us.

Looking into Jaylynn…

16

 (PIGS)

I look back into my mother's life, and start to have flashbacks, where she said, 'I remembered being in the cracker slammer.' And having a bench warrant by

the independent municipality for my arrest and getting tackled by three men for no given reasons, other than we want to give you handcuffs, and throw you in jail. I LOOK BACK ON THIS FOR HERE AND CALL THEM ALL PIGS!

The kids her age are just trashing her out on blabbermouth/ creep-book, AKA Facebook. Saying that she was looked up for iodic reasons such as chatting, discussions, and chitchat of speculations. Like- this was way before my dad, and she got together. Called a molester yet she was still a virgin, as a girl of her age at that time should be. Called a molester over they have seen her

eating at a restaurant, along with and with her guarding, called odd, said Aura Burnette, so now eating with your guarding in a restaurant now makes you a child molester and strange, outlandish then I know a lot of them… then given your point of view, of simple-minded nature.

So, reviewing what was said, a million seconds from today will be in 11 days (about 1 and a half weeks). The math is 1 million divided by 60 then 24. The rest is irrelevant as the question asked was how many consecutive days, (is a million times) Had the question been- when would it be a million seconds from a

specific time then the rest (.57) would matter. In other words, you said nothing but slander of calling someone you do not even know a molester, over you are a dumb as f*ck.

One classmate on Facebook named Florencio Pinckney, even said ‘She’s a molester she kept staring at me, so I know him.’ Yet they never met my mother ever. Staring is not molesting, yet you j*cking-off with your hand in your paints on your page, nice, pig. (Why- do you care?) Where you shop for your groceries, should be your business also, no- it’s has become the thought of mind of

a small town full of nothing but retards. She was Stocked until its creepy.

This skank like- do not ream you are- a*s hole- too hard- now, like over the fact you can draw a stick-figure, go back to the hate and fisting yourself, that is all you know how to do. Jina Overton said, ‘She used to draw pictures of a girl from my high school who were servers, she’d draw sexy fairies and other incomprehensible pictures with their face were drawn in…’

-And-

…?...

‘Don't be jealous over talent…’

that is all I can say.

(Cheating on a girlfriend)

‘Chet charges? …?... really…?’

And that was how it was spelled people, and my mom was the so-called retard of her grade and made to be the village idiot.

Therefore, she is in court in pink and white, jumpers, and shackles, over shamming spatulating, severely mentally challenged people like you!

Consequently, she was never given an education, over dumb butt hole, wanting her not to be around them, this is

the way, a loathing unlike I have ever seen in my life. Even I was not bullied that hard. And to keep her kissing their butt for everything she would ever need, gruesomely sick.

Ashleigh Rock- ‘All this and she a writer, for kids…’ said another from her graduating class. (Implying what I ask? That she stocks on kids, over being a writer?)

Kathleen Roy- ‘She’s nuts, my son used to fight with him all the time, he never learned- and you can thank his grandma for that… she lets him treat her like crap, and she thought she could

anyone and I know some of the charges is terroristic threats and property damage.’

Coming from the Bob Roy- a mother of poverty, with a son that would strangle cats for amusement, and terroristic to others, and suicidal, and was held back hold over the fact he could not meet 3rd-grade education standers, being the highest in his education and was a drop-out over the mother would wishes, now her child was ret*rded beyond the majority. All this over the fact that his special needs were not, thank the mother, that would not sign. I think she has this backward…

‘Moving on, they're not even worth it.’

17

She shrugs… even so-o. and so do I.

Enough to spare the consequences of any accidental DNA exchange, but unable to temper the tingle and heart that pulsates between us even then even though.

DNA was always what was in question.

‘What goes around comes around. It’s the result of all actions, positive and

negative- a constant balancing of events- cause and effect- blow for blow- reaping and disseminating.'

'Or chose not to blow and have this…' Supposed Jaylynn in her mind.

'Though you phrase it, it's the same in the termination. Furthermore, as much as you would like to think else, that is precisely what's happening here.

Altogether actions cause a response, or asking more questions…

'All the time, I told myself I turned you out of love- but now I see it was really out of egotism- why I couldn't

be without you. That’s why it is happening now.’

‘Besides the is where my actions have brought me.’

She- in existence, and Jaylynn shakes her head, ripping herself out of the thought that is like a dream, in a pulsing white light.

I gave up a new pair of Nikes for one small cup of coffee’.

Hashtag- (they- the guards called my mother sugar-t*ts!)

~*~

(Some time has passed)

‘Guess what?’

Then Jaylynn got into the last memory that her mother Nevaeh had, and that was with the girl that just was killed, Melisa, her new love interest.

Looking deep into the mind, just before the color left the young girl’s eyes, she gazes at me as she climbs to her knees looking down with her hair falling all around me, in the sand.

Her big eyes are wider than usual, cute baby face curving into a grin. ‘No, you know what? Do not guess…

I will just tell you because you're never going to believe it! You're never going to a conclusion!'

I smile, hearing her thoughts a few moments before she can speak to them, refraining from saying the wrong thing.

Nevaeh- And to me, that was always the right thing to say. But I did say your good friend Naddalin, who actually- knows all and everything about me!

You and I dating- 'I've known about the possibility for a few weeks, but it just became official last night, and I still can't believe it!

Eight weeks in Nouveau Paris in the France courters of the world named- Trump you and I could spend, doing nothing but acting, eating, and stalking smoldering hot men... and remembering what a man is, before falling to each other- over understanding.

To yet know that she and I are even more perfect this some man, over the fact that we get each other, yet it’s fun to play with boys.’

I glance at her as I got out of our drive, of the home we rented for the week, just like any other girl would in the

real world. ‘And for once with the freedom, I felt good with all that.’

‘I love these man-manufactured worlds, don’t you,’ Naddalin said.

He- he, giggled Nevaeh.

She looks at me. ‘Faster, you know the drill. What happens in here stays in here.’

Walking down the street hand in hand… as girlfriends.

Not a care in the world, strolling like girls in a park, with a walk and talk that was just blending in.

My thoughts drifting to Haven and Emmah- and the ones that were lost to final death, wondering how many more immortal ne'er-do-wells are still out there, just waiting to show up in my mind over and over to terrorize me, no matter where I go.

And then- I let it go, and start to live life, now having one, by having the best of both worlds, and trading lives. Now there are many variations of me- and they all linger with me all misunderstood.

'… 'Till now.'

Yes, you and I like- are both going to have hot love fast passant freak me

hard sex, with at least two hot boys, tonight and were both at the same time, and then switch lovers, it a dream for any young girl around here and we are no different, I want group hot to make me cummie sex.

It’s been years since I have felt a man. Said Naddalin.

Nevaeh- Except when it does not, I feel the most fear- over knowing what next, by them, I do not like a man taking me, and losing control, it makes me feel week.

‘Anyway, I am leaving soon, just after school gets out- just think were

century years old, and still look, also act like schoolchildren like when are we going to grow up?'

I did not want to say yet this is our last time to be together… I am moving on to a new life. Yet, that is what I should have told Jaylynn, the last time, that I saw her.

Besides, like- I have so much to prepare between now and then! You need to stop thinking with your head, girl, let go tonight and have fun.

'Seriously perfect.'

I smile, and the best of it all. ‘Congrats, on making it out alive to see what you lost, like always.’

And the moment I say it, I realize it is true, I am happy for her- yet I feel like I am losing yet, another person in my life.

‘That is cool, and well deserved I might add. I only wish I could go with you.’

Hitherto, I don’t think- that I am strong enough to take yet another round.

It would be so nice to escape all my problems and fly away from all the and- that what we did, wings soring, to

angels in flight at midnight- in starlight. Besides, I miss hanging with her, already, and my world.

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Except when it does not, I feel the most fear- over knowing what next, by them.

‘Anyway, I am leaving soon, just after school gets out.’

‘I did not want to say- yet this is our last time to be together… I am moving on to a new life.’

‘And I have so much to prepare between now and then! I think it’s best

and you can find a man, not me. After last night I can see that is what you want.' Said Nevaeh.

Nevaeh- 'Seriously perfect we were before lusting for a man.'

I smile, and the best of it all. 'Congrats, on making it, like- to see what you lost- and doing so Naddalin you may have lost me too.'

'That's so cool that you well better now. And well deserved I might add. I only wish I could stay with you when you if what you're looking for was me and not them.'

Then the moment I say it, I realize it is true, I am happy for her- yet I feel like I am losing yet again, another person in my life. …And really, I cannot let that happen.

It would be so nice to escape all my problems- with you as I plan- yet as soon as I get a pain it turns to shit, and all the plain needs to be replayed out in my mind to fit a completely different scenario.

I think it’s time to fly away from all ends of what we did, wings soring and for me to go back home to all the fallen angels in flight at midnight- in starlight,

where I need to be. She said- robotically. Besides, I miss home, already…

I am going home… The last few weeks have been the best in my life when she and Haven (along with the rest of the school, saw her they were in tears and running for her hugs,) I was under Naddalin's spell were some of the loneliest days of my life, were replaced with my best. Yet, it's all over now.

Not having Naddalin beside me was more than I could bear, but not having the ones I care for like my two best friends nearly sent me over the edge- too and all you ladies.

Nevertheless, she and Haven do not evoke any of that, none of them did, them it was more than she was gone for a year- old she looked like Jaylynn, yet they knew she was Nevaeh. Only Naddalin can access small bits and pieces, and what she recalls leaves her feeling awful- guilty- over they share soul- like she shares with Jaylynn with DNA.

We stay in youth hostels, backpack around- how cool is this? Just the three of us- like the old days, you know, you and Emmah, Haven and I, and me and whoever...'

Even Dariez, too, when she feels like being with us. Yet for some reason, I don’t think she altogether trusts me.

‘You and whoever… we meat along the way too?’ I glance at her, saying they're all friends, and love you.

‘What’s that about, trust?’ Said, Haven.

‘We all are doers.’ Nevaeh shrugs.

‘Oh, come on.’ I- Nevaeh roll my eyes. ‘Since when?’

‘Since last night when I found out I’m going back home and starting over and that is now the trust I have found.’

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She giggles, running a hand through her brown hair.

‘Listen, you all great and all, don’t get me wrong.’

‘But- I’m not fooling myself, to feel so much freedom. As you know that was something I could never- ever have.’ Said Nevaeh.

Nevaeh- I am not pretending- it’s anything more than it is, am I? It’s like

we’ve got an end date, you know- and it’s just my time- to try over- fall and rise from the ashes, and become the ash angle, I’ll see you again- she said to Naddalin I promise, she was thinking deep in her mind and the other girls could see into her eyes to the thought as a dream.

You guys are different, your lifers, she was a liar. Maybe- she has the parts of me that I did not need to keep the unattractive attributes, ha- she can keep them.’

Come on girls- lest go see a show tonight in the village with a full three acts

with a definite beginning, middle, and end. It is not like with you and Emmah. It's like my life has no end and the story is all mixed up I forgot with a story should be.

‘Lifers not liars!’

I peer at her, shaking my head as I stop at a traffic light, as we sit in our horse-drawn carriage.

‘Sounds more like a prison term than a happily ever after- we're all locked into this life, yet that is how girls like us live and go- crashing- burning, smoldering, like paper- and rising from

the ash- like a reawakening, and a reinvigorated youthful body.'

'You know what I mean don't you, we have all done this now- we are all ASH ANGLE'S.'

~*~

It was said that Naddalin takes her frustration out on the river every day, around the same time at night with a lantern, and we stare at the reflections, to find something that is no longer there- in the ripples.

She studies her shape, turning her hot-pink nails away now from her face to hang her head to cry.

~*~

‘Wow.’ The girls all thought unanimously- looking into her mind, and her world.

‘It’s just that you guys are so in tune with each other, so connected, that even apart you still see each other.’

‘And I mean that accurately by the way since you’re always going at it, this is what you both need to see that you have love.’

Not anymore, I swallow hard, waking fast the second traffic light turns from red to green, crossing the intersection with a loud screech of the

wagon wheels stopping for us to go to the path we girls wanted to take- coming back to the castle and leaving a thick trail of an impression behind them in the mud and cobblestone and grass-covered stone.

Nonetheless, even after I sat still for a moment to think she's nowhere to be found- I see the glassing of the ripples in my daydreams. Our souls, still locked together, would apart.

Besides- I am about to climb a wall in panic, wondering where she could be, I never remembered her to row a boat- at all, when she appears right beside me- in the translucent flicker of a

ghost, we like blink then blink and blink once more, her hand in mine the whole time- I think, I have blacked out a moment there, yet we all saw her with us.

'I wonder what the vision meant?' Asked Haven. 'It's not good, not good at all.' Emmah said.

Refusing to slow until we run into a castle, and I scan for Naddalin- to be there always seem to stare down danger more than us, in a second- she was next to me, yet she was not there at all, it like I could feel and see her there with my eyes yet, there was nothing but the air in front

of me, and the feeling of presence, haunting me.

She has become a hermit, said Dariez. I say this today in my card reading and séances, Psychic reading from mirrored glass, words and visions shown, to me.

Naddalin nods.

She stares at her eyes practically bugging out of her head, unable to understand how anyone could do such a thing. Why would she become a hermit?

(The next day- they went to see Naddalin.)

‘Um, okay, so let me get the traditional one we could see a lot more- she said, ‘so-o you just woke up and decided-hurry, what the hell?’ ‘…And we have to look like the locals- and do as they do.’

‘We get you one- and in the same breath, she said, Emmah and I well ride tandem. ‘I have not ridden a bike in years.’’

I think I’ll just dump my ridiculously expensive luxury bike by the side of the road- WHERE JUST ANYONE CAN TAKE IT, I can do this anymore.’

Nevaeh shrugs, saying ‘Pretty much’ with an attitude. ‘You have a lock…’ she said ‘…and the people around here are not like back home, you can’t just leave this here- someone will take it- and have it scrapped- in moments if you turn your back.’

‘Because in case you have not noticed,’ Emmah says, practically hyperventilating now, ‘I-I-I don’t like it here.’

‘Some of us are a little bike deprived’ said Haven, I just said today, I would get you one- relax- even if just renting one.’

‘Some of us were born to parents so cruel and unusual, said Haven, now you are babysitting me?’

‘They’re forced to rely on the kindness of friends for the rest of their lives, thank you truly, and yes I would take the gift- thanks! -Ma!’

‘Sorry.’ Nevaeh shrugs, about that- yet you did get all that you wanted and more. ‘Guess- I hadn’t thought about that, that you were more deprived than the rest of us.

Though if it makes you feel any better, it was all for an exceptionally compelling cause.’

(She gives double thumbs up! And a wide smile with her head turned to one side.)

And when she looks at me, eyes meeting mine in that way that she has, along with the usual wave of warmth, I get the horrible feeling that ditching the bikes is just the start of her plans, to get to know me better, walking is taking she thought…

‘How’d you get to the school, she goes to?’ I ask, just as we reach the front gate where Haven is waiting for us after running ahead like a child, take the train right, and we walked and walked… this

world you just don’t snap your fingers and you are their girls, said Nevaeh.

‘So-o, like children…’ She spoke.

‘I rode the train when I went to school along with a girlfriend of mine you don’t know- it’s not that uncommon.’ She said in a back-taking way.

‘Yeah, that’s right… I forgot about that.’ Said Nevaeh.

Haven glances between us, she recently died, she bangs falling into her face- a practice, to make herself look former Earthlier- to these descendants of Earthlings, that seems to be stupid.

‘I kid you not. I would not have believed it either, but I saw it with my own eyes, she was classed as a girl forever.

I remember we used to watch her climb right off that big steamer train, with all the other freshmen, at the time dorks, retards, and rejects who that were all like us, unlike Haven of course- but dorks, nonetheless, have no other choice but to ride- or walk like crazy.’

Sarah- She shakes her head, saying ‘don’t say it like that- about me and Rockville, think it- don’t say it- even if true, I wanted to forget those days.’ Lucy

was next to her holding her hand 100 years could not keep them apart either, looking not much farther down the wooden train platform, there was Maddie and Olivia, and those girls. Hanna and Taylor, names and faces are forgotten about a hundred years or more.

I thought it was time for us all to meet up in one place, said Nevaeh. After all, where are all part of the same story, yet never really met everyone in it?

Look there are the three girls of identical, Becca, Emaly and Melody, too. And nothing at this point could keep them apart, as you would think Haven was

there before she was even sure it was them.

Your life is not as bad as it seems, I think we all found that out by not holding qualms. ‘And I was so shocked by the sight of it, I blinked a bunch of times just to make sure it was a train like in my past- it was so odd.

And then, when I still wasn’t convinced, I snapped a pic on my cell and sent it to all that were invited on this trip who confirmed they were coming.’ She holds it up for us to see all the names coming in.

‘You all may be wondering why I brought you all here, it’s an intervention to stop, evil on all of us, if we all get our heads together, we can stop this family’s wicked games.’ Said Nevaeh.

(There were okays and um-hums in the background, some even groins.)

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I glance at Nevaeh, wondering what she could- be up to, and that’s when I notice she’s abandoned her usual cashmere sweater in place of a plain cotton tee, and how her designer jeans have been replaced with no-name plain

pockets leggings, her early morning look as she calls it.

Even the brown boots she's near-famous for have been swapped for girlie rubber flip-flops.

'I am also here to get back my trust with Naddalin.'

And even though she does not need any of that dash and flash to look as incredibly beautiful as the first day we met- the new low- key look is just not her- some of us thought. Way turned down for someone of her power. Or at least not the girl- that I'm so-o used to.

Yet change is good, the girls babbled among themselves. (Um- you got to remember she is in the body of her little girl.)

‘That’s right’ - they whispered. Along with chats saying, ‘Yet they look almost the same.’

I mean, while Naddalin is unquestionably smart, kind, loving, and generous- she’s also more than a tad colorful and futile at times. Always preoccupied with her clothes, her image in general- along with brilliance. Said Nevaeh, along with saying ‘she is part of me.’

Emmah- ‘She is part of you why can’t you just get along and stay in one world together, that is why you’re here.

And out of the mist, walked up to Nevaeh was Naddalin. Also, do not even try and pin her down on the exact date of birth of Naddalin, since for someone who chose to be immortal, she has a definite multi-layered hidden point of view about her age- to use she is always the same age of the young teen girl. ‘Don’t even ask, it get long and drawn out.’

Nevaeh- Nonetheless, even though I normally could not care less about the clothes she wears or her ride to

school look either, when I look at Naddalin again, I get the horrible chink in my belly-an unrelenting push, demanding my notice.

A definite warning that everyone is merely the beginning. That the sudden transformation goes deeper than some cost-cutting, altruistic, environmentally conscious agenda.

No, it has something to do with last night. Something about being haunted by her karma.

Like she’s convinced herself that giving up her most prized possessions will somehow balance it all out- her child she

gives up, for a stranger’s love, when she had her children along.

‘Shall we?’ She then smiles, grasping my hand the second the bell rings, acting like the children around us, leading me away from Emmah and Haven who’ll spend the next three phases of their time texting back and forth- as they did in the past, trying to decide what’s up with Naddalin, and why we are even here.

I look at her, her gloved covering hand in mine as we heard down the hall, whispering, ‘What’s going on? What happened to your bike?’

Three girls' hand and hand going down the halls… as they did moments before going down the sidewalks.

'I already told you.' she shrugs her hold body. 'I don't need it. It's an unnecessary sympathy, I no longer care to indulge.'

'She has depression!'

She giggles, looking at me smiling. But when I do not join in, she sinkers more and shakes her head and says, 'Don't look so serious. It's not a big deal. When I realized it's not something I need, I drove it out to a depressed area and left it by the side of the road where

someone can find it- they need it more than I do.'

I press my lips together and stare straight ahead, wishing I could climb inside her mind, and see the thoughts she keeps all to herself, find the underlying cause of what the is about- yet I was holding back from doing that- even if I could.

Since despite the way she looks at me, despite the dismissive shrug that she gives, nothing she's said makes the least bit of sense.

'Well, that's fine and all, I mean, if that's what you need to do, then great,

have fun.' I shrug, fully convinced that it's not at all great, though knowing better than to say it aloud.

'So-o, you are giving to the poor- when you don't have it yourself.'

'But just how are you planning to get around now that you've abandoned your ride? Are you doing the same with us?

'No, it's not like that said Naddalin, I have just been humbled, by what I see around me, that's all.'

'I mean, in case you haven't noticed, this is not back home where you can run around freely, you can't get

anywhere… like in a job, or a life, your free life end after- school, and I want to stay a kid.'

She looks at me, amused by my surge of sunlit rays behind her, which is not exactly the reaction I had prearranged on. 'What's wrong with the bus? It's next to free right.'

I gape, shaking my head, hardly believing my ears.

'You don't have the money now do you?'

'And since when do you worry about cost, Missy. When life was pressing down, and the cost is out doing my

means. All the magic in the world can't keep up with the cost of living here.'

'As some shallow, money-concerned with, self-absorbed, buyer-driven slob?'

'No!' I cry, shaking my head and squeezing her hand.

Hoping to convince her even though, I did kind of mean it- not being mean yet truthful. Only not in a bad way like she thinks or you even.

At one time, she had my old boyfriend appreciate the finer things in life kind of thing, and less in my girlfriend's now she is the version of what

I am looking for in that kind of way, even if a girl.

‘I just-’ I squint, wishing I could be even half as eloquent as her, but still forging ahead when I say, ‘I guess I just don’t get it.’ I shrug. ‘And what’s up with the glove?’ I raise her leather-clad hand to where we can see.

‘Isn’t it obvious?’ She shakes her head and pulls me toward the door of her run-down apartment.

‘Look at these streets… and this city, there, all the same, going derelict.’

‘But I just stay put, refusing to budge.’ Said Nevaeh.

‘Nothing is obvious…,’ said Nevaeh.

‘Nothing is making sense anymore.’ Said Naddalin.

She pauses, hand on the knob, more than a little hurt when she says, ‘I thought it was a satisfactory solution for now. But perhaps you’d prefer I not touch you at all, I think you’re going mentally?’

‘Not at all!’ Screamed Naddalin.

‘That’s not what I intended!’ Held Nevaeh.

(Door Slam!!!)